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## A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

HADDON HALL.

In my last sketch I left the reader at the neat remodelled village of Edensor, within the grounds of Chatsworth, and now propose extending our excursion to Haddon Hall, at a few miles' distance, where an entirely different scene awaits us. For those who are inclined for a scrambling walk, there is a woodland path leading in a westerly direction across the hill from Edensor, and down on the opposite side to the vale of the Wye, a small tributary of the Derwent, where Haddon Hall is situated; but the road more commonly pursued is the regular highway round by Bakewell—and this, with the aid of a smart post-chaise, our party preferred, both for the sake of ease and speed.

Bakewell, situated on a slip of flat ground on the banks of the Wye, is one of the prettiest little towns in England, and derives some interest from having been a resort of the Romans and their successors the Saxons, for the benefit of its tepid chalybeate springs and baths, as is partly indicated by its name, which is a corruption of *Baddecanwell*, or the *Bath Well*. At a much later period, the domain formed part of the territory bestowed by William the Conqueror on his natural son William de Peveril. From this family it afterwards passed by forfeiture, and at a subsequent date came into possession of the Duke of Rutland, who, like the Duke of Devonshire, owns extensive estates in this part of the country.

Proceeding through Bakewell, and following downwards the course of the stream, we are soon conducted to the scene we are in quest of, which may be represented as a valley of limited breadth, consisting of green meadows, open fields, and somewhat bare uplands, while before us, on a projecting shoulder of the hill, facing the west, stands the weather-beaten relic of a bygone age—Haddon Hall. The small Wye, crossed by a stone bridge, is speedily passed; we have climbed the ascending bank, and guided by a maiden who acts as chaste-lain, from a keeper's house at the bridge, we are close by the ancient oaken portal of the now deserted mansion. Let us pause an instant on the threshold.

Haddon Hall is esteemed the most perfect existing specimen of the old English halls—a class of edifices of substantial architecture which sprung up in the reigns of the Tudors, and partook partly of the character of the baronial castle with flanking turrets, and the modern mansion with its spacious and numerous apartments, suitable for the accommodation of a noble family and its large body of retainers. The want of fosse, drawbridge, and exterior walls, rendered such houses indefensible against a regular force; but the strength of the fabric, its scarcity of windows in any exposed situation, its well-guarded door, studded with iron nails, and its interior court-yard, with offices all round, placed it completely beyond the power of parties of loose marauders, who might have been inclined to molest its inhabitants.

Haddon Hall, as we now see it, consists of portions built at distant periods, advancing from little else than a single square turret and basement, to two spacious quadrangles, or open courts, surrounded with buildings, and connected by a central passage, the new parts being down-hill from the old, and causing the interior paved courts to follow the slope of the ground. According to the accounts given of the domain, it belonged at an early period to the Avenells, from whom it passed, by the marriage of co-heiresses, into the families of Vernon and Basset. In the reign of Henry VI., the whole became vested in the Ver-

nons; and it was in their hands that the Hall assumed its present imposing character. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir George Vernon lived at Haddon in a style of such princely magnificence and lavish hospitality as to acquire the appellation of King of the Peak; and the Hall, filled with his large establishment of adherents and servants, was in all its glory. Sir George was the last of the name who occupied it. His family consisted only of two daughters, the youngest of whom, Dorothy, eloped with and married Sir John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland; by this affair Haddon passed into the Rutland family (1567), and by them it is still possessed. It continued to be the chief residence of Sir John Manners and his descendants till 1641, when the grandson of Sir John succeeded to the earldom of Rutland, on the death of George Manners, the seventh earl; after which time, Belvoir, the ancient seat of the Manners', was alternately with Haddon the residence of this noble family. In the time of the first Duke of Rutland (so created by Queen Anne), four or five score servants were maintained at Haddon; but shortly after this period it was finally quitted for Belvoir.\* The Hall has since been occasionally the scene of festivity, and, only so late as 1836, the duke gave here a grand treat to the tenantry of the neighbourhood; at present, however, it is a deserted mansion, all furniture whatsoever, a few scraps as a curiosity excepted, having been withdrawn, and from the buttery to the lady's bower a universal silence reigns.

Entering by the time-worn doorway, at the head of the ascent, and beneath the north-western turret, we are ushered through a passage into the first or lower court-yard, and are shown in succession on our right the porter's lodge, guard-room, and chaplain's apartment. These are bare dungeon-looking closets, containing a few reliques of a former period, such as a huge jack-boot, a few large pewter dishes, and the old family cradle—a stout rocking structure of wood, fit for accommodating babies of a most gigantic size. We are less interested in these in-door exhibitions than in contemplating the general outline and appearance of the quadrangle. It was the first time I had seen an old baronial edifice not in a state of absolute ruin, and on that account it formed an object of the deepest interest. Every thing is entire, but all is so grey, so aged, and so mournful, that we feel cast into a poetic dream of the past. The whole, indeed, is in that stage of decay which is most affecting to the feelings. Nature is every where struggling to enshroud the elegances of art in a garment of vegetation; the carved coats of arms, the stones of the walls, and the pavement beneath, are becoming covered with lichens and herbage, and wild flowers wave from places where mould has been suffered to accumulate. Conducted across the silent court to the side opposite the entrance, we are led through a porch with a pointed archway into the chapel, which occupies the south-west angle of the building. The chapel is quite a miniature of a place of religious worship, and is a perfect gem of antiquity. It consists of a body and two aisles, in the Saxon style of architecture, and has to all appearance been re-edified in the seventeenth century from a structure of at least three centuries earlier date. It still contains the pews, desk, and pulpit, used after its renewal for the reformed worship; all parts, however, are frail and bleached with age, and we can only see by remains of gilding which

were used as the family seats. At the farther extremity of the nave, over the communion-table, is a window containing a number of panes decorated with paintings of an old date. Unfortunately, the insane desire for appropriating reliques, which is the disgrace of the English people, has robbed this fine old window of many of its most beautiful emblems, leaving the spaces to be filled with pieces of common glass, and therefore it is now difficult to trace out the original design. Enough remains to show the wrecks of several angels and saints, with the following inscription:—"Orate pro animis Ricardi Vernon et Benedictæ uxoris ejus, qui fecerunt Anno Dni. millesimo CCCXXVII."—which may be translated—"Pray for the souls of Richard Vernon and Benedicta his wife, who constructed this in the year of our Lord 1427." On the vaulted roof the date 1624 is inscribed, at which time the chapel is understood to have been renewed by Sir George Manners, or his son John, who succeeded him, and became the eighth Earl of Rutland.

Proceeding from the chapel in a diagonal direction across the court-yard, we enter the passage leading through the central division to the upper court. Here we may be said to arrive in the body of the house. On the right of the passage we have the great old hall, or general eating and sitting apartment, more resembling an old church in point of size than a place of domestic accommodation; and on the left is a passage leading to the kitchen, buttery, wine-cellars, dairy, and other apartments connected with the preparation and supply of viands to the household. The kitchen is a large vaulted apartment, containing two immense fire-places, with irons for a number of spits, ranges of bulky dressers, and a chopping block on which a butcher might have no difficulty in dismembering an ox. In the adjoining larder is shown a large trough cut out of a solid block of timber, and once used for salting down a proper supply of animal food for the establishment. The whole of these details afford a striking idea of the lavish style of ancient housekeeping, when food of a substantial kind was daily prepared for perhaps not fewer than a hundred individuals, mostly dependants of the family, and occasionally many more. Returning from this part of the house, we enter the hall, an apartment, as I have mentioned, of great size, and, betwixt the floor and oak-raftered roof, including the height of two storeys. The walls are partially wainscoted, and above on two sides hangs a gallery, from which a view of the hall and its festivities might be obtained by the lady part of the household; the gallery also may have accommodated a band of musicians, and it appears to have formed a passage between the drawing-rooms in the south and the bed-rooms in the north wing. The hall is provided with a fire-place capacious enough for burning the Yule log at Christmas and heating a score of people in front; all furniture is gone, except a substantial oak table which runs across the hall at the upper end, and is placed on a slight elevation above the general level of the floor. This formed the dais, or head table, at which sat the lord of the mansion and his favoured guests, all inferiors being accommodated at tables lower down, and ranging along the sides of the hall. Here, then, was the grand scene of wassail, where all causes of personal discomfort were drowned for the moment in libations, or forgotten amidst rude festivities and idle ceremonial observance. Qualms of temperance, or inability to consume the required quantity of liquor, seem to have been viewed as sins worthy of prompt punishment. Near the door is attached an iron clasp or bracelet, made so as to enclose a man's wrist, when locked, and at such an elevation as to keep the arm

\* For these and various other details in the present article, as well as in that on Chatsworth, I am indebted to two local works, which the tourist in Derbyshire may be recommended to possess—"The Gem of the Peak," and "Peak Guide;" they may be obtained from any bookseller in the Derbyshire towns.

in an upright position. The delinquent having his arm so secured, cold water, or all the liquor he had been required to drink, was poured down his sleeve, and consequently drenched his person from neck to heel—a practical joke which must have no doubt occasioned a vast deal of merriment in those strange old times.

A doorway near the dais leads to a dining-room, which is supposed to have been fitted up by Sir George Vernon, when the customs and manners began to change, and the lord no longer used the great hall except on high and festive occasions. The ceiling of this room, which is low and gloomy, is divided into compartments by five beams, once richly gilt and otherwise ornamented. The whole is panelled in oak, with a richly carved cornice. The most ornamental part of the wainscoting is in a recess with a fine oriel window, the frieze of which is adorned with boars' heads, the crest of Vernon, and portraits of Henry VII. and his royal consort. The singular portrait of Will Somers, the king's jester, occurs also here. A shield, with the arms quartered of the Avenels, Pipes, Pierponts, and Vernons, and the initials of Sir George Vernon and his lady, with the date 1545, are over the fire-place. Here, too, are carved the royal arms, and below them in black letter, "Drede God and honour the king." The apartment has two or three dilapidated chairs, and a fine range of an antique fashion. From this we proceed up the grand staircase, which is constructed of rudely jointed stone steps, to the drawing-room, which is over the dining-room, and of a more cheerful aspect. Some parts of the walls, and also the door, are hung with arras, a kind of woven tapestry, almost dropping in pieces with extreme age, and scarcely concealing the rough wall beneath. We now enter several apartments which were fitted up after the house had come into possession of the Manners family. One of these is the earl's dressing-room, which is likewise covered with arras, representing a variety of field sports and scriptural subjects, particularly a boar hunt, in which the dogs are clad with a species of armour, studded with iron points, as a means of defence. It may here be mentioned, that Mrs Radcliffe is said to have been assisted in the composition of her famed "Mysteries of Udolpho," by the view of the structure at large, and of these apartments in particular; and it is unquestionable that, to any one of lively imagination, the vaulted chambers, corridors, and tattered tapestry, swaying to the gusts of wind which intrude by private doors and staircases in the different turrets, are very apt to awaken ideas which might lead to or favour the working out of such a fiction.

Opposite the drawing-room, at the top of the stairs, is the long gallery or ball-room, which extends the extraordinary length of 100 feet, by a width of eighteen, and a height of fifteen feet. The floor of this beautiful room is entirely of oak, and the walls are covered with panels of the same material, enriched with carving and Corinthian pilasters. The most frequent ornament is the shield of arms of Manners, impaling those of Vernon; and, besides this, there are carvings of boars' heads, peacocks, thistles, roses, and other embellishments. The undue length of the room, compared with its breadth, is in some measure compensated by three spacious recesses on one side, in which are windows overlooking the garden on the south of the edifice. These recesses, panelled like the rest of the apartment, may almost be said to form side-rooms, to which select parties might retire out of the way of the dance, and whence they could conveniently command a view of the lively scene. In old romances and histories we often read of persons retiring to converse privately in the recesses of windows, such places apparently having served the purpose of modern parlours or side drawing-rooms. Originally, the recesses were cut out of the thick and solid wall, but in the less ancient hall architecture, they formed distinct abutments, with what were styled oriel or projecting windows, and the custom is perpetuated in most of the ordinary town dwellings in the south of England.

A door near the upper end of the gallery leads us by a few steps into the antechamber, which is supposed to have been the earl's private parlour; and from it we proceed to the state bed-room, which is a real curiosity in its way. The room is large, and hung with tapestry to conceal the ruggedness of the walls, and on one side expands into an exceedingly spacious oriel or recess, with a window overlooking the inner court-yard. The recess in reality formed

the dressing-room to the apartment; it is raised a step above the floor, and in its centre stands an old dressing-table and large looking-glass of antique foreign manufacture. The room contains a state bed, measuring about fifteen feet in height, and six feet in length; the pillars are surmounted by a canopy of green silk velvet, lined with white satin, and the flowing curtains are of similar materials. This relic of ancient grandeur had been removed to Belvoir, but was afterwards restored to its present situation, where it remains as one of the chief moveable curiosities of the establishment. From the state bed-room, we are conducted by a doorway, concealed behind the arras, into a gloomy ancient apartment, called the state-room, which is also hung with arras, said to be genuine Gobelin, on which are represented a variety of scriptural subjects. On passing still farther on, we enter the stair in the main turret, named the Eagle Tower, and, ascending to the leads, we have close beneath a view of the whole structure, with the simple and placid vale of the Wye beyond. Here the force of the following lines on Haddon are perhaps most strongly felt:—

"Haddon, within thy silent halls,  
Deserted couris, and turrets high,  
How mournfully on memory falls  
Past scenes of antique pageantry!  
A holy spell pervades thy gloom,  
A silent charm breathes all around,  
And the dread stillness of the tomb  
Reigns o'er thy hallow'd, haunted ground.  
King of the Peak! thy hearth is lone,  
No sword-girt vassals gather there.  
No minstrel's harp pours forth its tone  
In praise of Maud or Margaret fair.  
Where are the high and stately dames  
Of princely Vernon's banner'd hall?  
And where the knights, and what their names,  
Who lead them forth to festival?  
They slumber low, and in the dust,  
Prostrate and fallen the warrior lies;  
His falchion's blade is dim with rust,  
And quench'd the ray of beauty's eyes!  
These arms which once blazed through the field,  
Their brightness never shall resume;  
O'er spear and helm, and broken shield,  
Low droops the faded, sullied plume.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And ye who own'd the orbs of light,  
The golden tress, the pure fair brawn—  
In the cold sleep of endless night,  
Say, do the Vernons' daughters bow?  
No, no, they wake; a seraph guard,  
To circle thus their loved domain;  
Which time has spared, nor man has marr'd  
With sacrilegious hand profane.  
Haddon! thy chivalry is fled!  
The tilt and tourney's brave array,  
Where knights in steel from heel to head,  
Bore love's or honour's prize away.  
No hunter's horn is heard to sound;  
No dame with swan-like mien glides by,  
Accompanied by hawk and hound,  
On her fair palfrey, joyously.  
Thy splendid sun has set in night:  
But gentler, holier, more subdued,  
Than earth's most brilliant dazzling light,  
Thy moonlight garden's solitude."\*—H. B.

Having reached this extreme point, we retrace our steps downwards, and in passing through an apartment near the long gallery, the conductress unlocks a pair of folding doors, which open by a flight of stone steps on the outside into the upper esplanade in the garden, taking care to inform us at the same time that it was by this private postern and flight of steps that the beautiful (and, we should say, indiscreet) Dorothy Vernon eloped with Sir John Manners, on the occasion of a festal meeting in the adjoining ball-room—a tradition now nearly three centuries old. The garden, which is small, and bounded on one side by the house with its antique oriel windows, is disposed in the form of terraces with stone balustrades and steps, and ornamented with formal parterres, yews, and shrubs, in the old style of gardening.

The view of the garden completes the tour of the Hall, for the northern basement of the quadrangle, which we see in passing, consists, for the most part, of vaulted and mean apartments, scarcely worthy of note, except as showing how little comfort the retainers of great families could command in their private or sleeping berths. Throughout the whole house, indeed, from the guard-room at the porch to my lord's state-chamber, there does not appear to have been at any time what we now understand by the term domestic comfort. All the doors are wretched patchworks of coarse deals, jangling on clumsy hinges, and so ill joined and hung, that the inmates must have been exposed to sifting winds, even when hangings of tapestry were interposed to blunt their keenness. Of the dismal lodgings afforded by vaulted rooms destitute of fire-places, of which the greater part of the house consists, it is not too much to say, that the meanest malefactors in England now enjoy considerably better; and there is not a tradesman in moderate

circumstances, who does not now sit at a more peaceful and every way more comfortable fireside, and who does not enjoy a better bed, than the once-powerful Vernons of Haddon.

My journey homewards from Derbyshire not offering any subject for particular observation, I here close these rambling sketches, which many, I fear, will suppose to have been drawn out to an unnecessary length.

#### A CIRCASSIAN SCENE.\*

AMONG the warlike tribes inhabiting the mountainous ranges of the Caucasus, one of the most numerous and formidable is that of the Avarians. This nation, unlike the majority of its neighbours, is of pure Mongolian or Tartar descent, and preserves the manners, usages, and superstitions of the ancient subjects of Zhengis Khan. Intrenched among their pine-covered mountains, which stretch from Derbent to Elbrouz, and are called, in the language of the natives, the *Mountain with the Seven Manes of Snow*, the Avarians maintain a continual war with the Russians, and find their principal wealth in the booty which they carry away, as well as in the captives whom they seize, and whom they commonly sell to the Koords, Armenians, and Persians. These prisoners are divided among their captors at the close of each expedition, if not put to death, which is sometimes their fate. Whatever be the doom marked out for them, they are uniformly subjected to a process which indicates the strong though rude sense of justice prevalent among the tribes of the Caucasus. The captives are assembled together, and, for the space of *seven days*, are exposed in a public spot, where all the members of the tribe may see and examine them, to the end that their guilt or innocence may be made fully apparent, and that any information which they possess may be extracted from them for the general good. On the eighth day, a tribunal, consisting of six old men, the wisest and most honoured of the nation, meets to listen to the charges made against each and all of the prisoners. To this court the khan, or principal chief, joins himself, and acts as president. The judgments pronounced by this body are immediately carried into execution, and, when the punishment is death, compensation is made to those members of the tribe who have a right over the prisoners, as having captured them at the risk of their own lives.

The Russian journals give an account of one of these savage assizes of the Avarians, which took place recently in the forest of Bonjaki, not far from the city of Tiflis, the central seat of the Georgian government.

During the latter half of the past year (1840), a murderous skirmish, almost amounting to a pitched battle, took place between the Russian troops under Generals Test, Krabbe, and Syzofej, and the Circassian tribes, commanded by Schamil, Khan of the Tchetchenets, who is now regarded as the head of the Caucasian confederacy. The scene of the combat was the vast plain of Dalgestan, at the foot of the Soutka heights, and the mountaineers, after fighting from sunrise to sunset, gained a decided advantage over the forces of the Czar. According to custom, they then retired to the recesses of their mountains, loaded with plunder, and carrying with them a great number of prisoners. The Avarians, who had furnished to the expedition a contingent of a thousand men, under the orders of Baty-Mizz, son of their Khan Mendy, took back to their tents much booty, and one hundred and thirty-eight prisoners, captured by themselves in the engagement.

In the centre of the forest of Bonjaki, at a spot where the pines have either been cut down by the hand of man or destroyed by fire, there stands a sort of cabin, covered with reeds, and termed the mansion of the khan. It is one of the retreats of this savage prince. The exterior of the dwelling is far from resembling the sumptuous palaces of the Tartar khans of the Crimes; but the interior presents all the usual display of oriental luxury, being furnished with a thousand rich ornaments, the produce of the master's yataghan. Around this retreat wind two rivulets, walled in by abrupt masses of rock. The path leading to the spot is such as to be almost inaccessible to any foot but that of an Avareen. In the centre of the open space fronting the cabin, stood, after the battle mentioned, the unfortunate Russian captives, so secured as to render all chance of escape impossible. Each of them had his hands firmly tied behind his back, and around the necks of the whole of them were cords, attached at the other extremity to a stake firmly fixed in the ground. Fifty Avarians, armed with their carbines and yataghans, watched over the captives continually, while, at every hour of the day, other members of the tribe paraded in front of the band, eyeing them with curious and angry looks, and frequently addressing them with insidious questions, in the tongues of Tartary or Russia.

For seven days the prisoners remained in this condition, and all the while the six old men, appointed arbiters of their fate, continued with the khan in his dwelling. As has been mentioned, the khan was president of this band of judges, making them seven in

\* Translated, for the Journal, from the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, which in its turn appears to have derived the article from a Russian newspaper.

all. Seven is the magical number of the Avariens, agreeing with the snowy summits of Elbrooz, on which, according to the popular fancies of the tribe, the divinities reside who judge of men after death. The seven days passed away. At sunrise on the morning of the eighth, an Avarien struck three blows on the silver cymbals suspended before the dwelling of the khan. At the signal, Mendly-Khan and the six old men issued forth.

The Avariens are neither Mahometans nor Christians. Their religion, if such a name may be given to their superstitions, is one of the most singular on the face of the earth. They make a deity for themselves daily. The first object which they behold in the morning, on crossing their thresholds, is to them the divinity of the time. Its apotheosis lasts for twenty-four hours, and inferior persons usually follow the rule which the chiefs lay down in this respect. Thus, on issuing from his dwelling, Mendly-Khan cast his eyes upwards, and perceiving a raven passing overhead, exclaimed, "The raven is God!" On the instant, all around joined him in the cry, and poured forth words of adoration to the unconscious divinity of the moment. Immediately afterwards, a carpet was spread on the ground in front of the prisoners. The judges took their places, with the khan in the middle, and the accusers of the prisoners were called forward. Three presented themselves under this character. The first who spoke was Ali-Katzen, one of the bravest of the Avarian warriors. "Five of these prisoners," said he, "I recognise to be traitors, deserters—Circassians by blood, though serving in the Russian ranks. I accuse them of treachery, for they have borne arms against their brethren; and I demand the punishment of death upon them!"

The second accuser, Mohammed Bey, then stepped forward. "In the number of these prisoners," said he, "there is a Russian officer, whose death I demand. That officer, whose name is Fint-Mayer, came to our mountains last year in the guise of a common soldier, and represented himself as a deserter. We pitied him, for we believed him unfortunate. He slept under our tents; he ate our bread; and then he returned to his own people, to tell what he had learned of our strength and our purposes. The officer, Fint-Mayer, is a Russian spy. I call for the sacrifice of his life, in reparation of a crime so odious and cowardly."

Azral Leng, the third accuser, charged another of the captive officers, Nicholas Buchanoff, with having given false money, in payment of two horses sold to him. [This is a curious feature in the wars of the Circassians. They do not scruple to visit the Russian towns in their vicinity, and make sales of horses or any other articles to those with whom they are at open enmity; and such things are permitted by the rules of the tribes.]

"We have heard the accusations of Ali-Katzen, Mohammed Bey, and Azral Leng, with an impartial ear," said Mendly-Khan; "we swear by the raven, god of the day, that we shall not sit down or taste repose, until justice be done betwixt the accused and their accusers."

The five Cabardians, as the Circassians of the plain are called, were then brought out from among the other prisoners. On being questioned, they admitted their Circassian origin, but each of them alleged in excuse, that he had been constrained by force to enter the service of the Russian emperor. "The caged bird flies and regains its forests, as soon as it can find an opportunity," said Mendly-Khan, gravely. The prisoners made no answer for a time to the ominous remark; but at length one of them said, "We have never fought against our brethren." Then, did you seize the chance to kill some of these Russian oppressors?" One of the captives answered mournfully, "No." Silence reigned for a time in the assembly after this answer was given. The six old men conversed in whispering tones with the khan. Finally, three strokes on the cymbals were given, and Mendly-Khan rose to his feet. The following was the decree pronounced by him:—"All praise to the raven who lends his light to justice! Wolves battle not with wolves; there ought to be no Circassians who make war upon Circassians. He is a deep-dyed traitor, who, in the interest of slavery, makes war upon his free brethren. Let our yataghans fall upon the heads of the Muscovites, like the tempest upon a field predestined to destruction! May they disappear like the smoke of our hearths! At the same time, let justice strike the traitors like lightning. Death to the deceivers!"

The five Cabardians were led away, making gestures of terror and despair. The officer, Fint-Mayer, was then brought forward; but to all the questions put to him, he refused to make any reply, indicating by his manner that he did not understand the language addressed to him. Mohammed Bey, his accuser, then stood forward, and demanded leave to bring forward his witnesses against Fint-Mayer. Several of them advanced and bore decided testimony to the fact of having seen the officer in the disguise of a deserter and spy. Mendly-Khan then pronounced judgment, and it was a dreadful one. He condemned the officer, Fint-Mayer, to have his eyes torn out, because it was by their aid that he had found his way to the dwellings of the tribe; his legs were to be cut off, because they had borne him to his treacherous destination; his ears were to be filled with melted lead, because these organs had served him to learn

the purposes of the Avariens; his tongue was to be torn out, because by means of it he had made his report; and, finally, life itself was to be reft from him by painful and lingering means. On hearing this terrible decree, the Russian officer lost all his self-command. Forgetting that he had affected ignorance of the language of his captors, he burst out into a storm of menaces and imprecations, pressing severe punishment to the Circassians for the injury done to the Czar through him. The unfortunate man only did himself injury by this outbreak. The khan and the six old men held his words to be a complete proof of his having been a spy among them.

Buchanoff, the officer whom Azral-Leng had accused of paying the price of the two horses in false money, was then brought forward, and, in his case, a striking example was given of the sense of justice which regulated the decrees of this savage tribunal. "The gold which I gave in exchange for the horses," said Buchanoff, "was not base coin. It was the same which had been given to me on the previous day as part of my pay. If you do not seek my blood, you may soon convince yourselves that the money which I gave is held good in all parts of the empire of my august master, the czar." "Speak you the truth?" said the khan, casting a searching eye upon the prisoner. "I do speak the truth," answered Buchanoff; "one who is worthy to bear a sword would not seek to save his life by a lie." The khan spoke for a moment to his associates. "I suspend the decree," said the khan at last, "regarding you. If you have lied, you shall perish; if not, you shall be free."

This was the close of the scene of judgment. The condemned parties were handed over to the executioners, and while the bloody decrees were being carried into effect, the cymbals never ceased their stunning sound. On the fourth morning afterwards, the soldiery of the Russian camp were horrified by the sight of six trees planted before their tents, each bearing a dead body, the monuments of Circassian justice.

#### SHOULD WORKING PEOPLE BE EDUCATED?

##### THIRD ARTICLE.

MR THOMAS ASHTON, of Hyde, Cheshire, who was the next examined, on the influence of education among the working classes, gives his testimony as follows:—

"What number of workmen have you in your employment?—Upwards of three thousand.

What differences have you, in the course of your experience, observed between the workmen who are educated and those who are uneducated?—I find that those who are best educated see their own interests the most clearly.

In what way has this more clear perception of their own interests as workmen, affected you as a master?—I have the fewest disturbances, and manage the most easily with them. Whenever the workmen have been disturbed, and strikes have been threatened, I have called together the most intelligent men in my employment, and I have said to them, 'Now, my advice to you is, that you will study your own interest, and do what you think is best for yourselves; but be careful and think—examine and consider what is really for your own interest. I shall be glad that you will really do what is for your own interest, because that which is *really* best for your interest is also the best for mine.' After considering for a time, they usually find that it is not for their interest to join in strikes, and we have been very little disturbed by them.

How have you found the opinions of this class of workpeople on the subject of large capital?—They appear to be quite aware that it is for their advantage; they find that in connexion with large capital they get the best wages and the most constant work. They have seen the concerns in which small capital is embarked uncertain, irregular in their payment of wages, making frequent reductions, and stopping in periods of pressure, whilst concerns conducted with large capitals are carried on. Indeed, in consequence of some Chartist agitation, we had a discussion on this subject with some of our workpeople. I said to them, 'Suppose, according to the Chartist proposal, there was a division of property, are you sure that you would be the better for it?' It was shown to them that the share of each would not be enough to manufacture with, and must soon disappear. They were fully aware that it would not do to carry on such business by a company or by co-operation, but that it was impracticable to carry on such concerns otherwise than by one individual, by unity of control, and the constant energy of individual interest. I said to them, 'After the Chartists have divided my money amongst you, and have spent it, you will begin to want work; will you not again apply to me as a capitalist for work, and what must be my answer?—That I have no money to go and buy cotton with, consequently there will be an end to your wages, as

well as to the capital with which work and wages are provided for you.' All this the sensible and more intelligent men were quick enough in perceiving.

Is the sobriety, steadiness of conduct, and efficiency of workmen, uniformly a characteristic of the better educated workmen?—There are exceptions amongst the better educated—there are some as drunken and dissipated as the rest; some half-educated workmen, too, have given annoyance by using such arithmetic as they have got in calculating what their employer can produce goods for, and his profits, and settling, according to their own notions, what it is 'just' that he should pay as wages. As might be expected, there are material omissions in such calculations. Such workmen, moreover, like many of their betters, have to learn that profits are no more determinable in that way, or by notions of justice independently of demand or supply, than wages are determinable solely by the will of the employer.

Have you, as a landlord and capitalist, thought it worth while to go to any expense in the education of the workpeople?—Yes, I have; I have provided schooling at my own expense, and I have been at some trouble to find good teachers.

For what number have you provided education at your own expense?—Five hundred.

The last piece of evidence produced is that of Mr James Smith, of Deanston cotton-work.

"What number of workmen have you in your employment at Deanston?—About eleven hundred employed, and, including children, nearly two thousand supported by it in all.

Are your workpeople for the most part natives, or from what parts do they most come?—The greater number are natives of the neighbouring counties, say of Perthshire, Stirlingshire, some from the more northern counties, and a few from Ayrshire; two families from Ireland. Many of the families have been connected with the factory at Deanston, or other factories, all their lives, and the others are from the village and agricultural population around. Some families, and many individuals, have been employed at Deanston upwards of fifty years.

What is the state of education amongst the workpeople?—Every individual, with few exceptions, has had, or is in the progress of having, a school education.

What are the characteristics of the better educated class as workmen?—The educated in all classes stand the highest as to general intelligence and character, but they are not always the best workmen.

Mr Smith went on to explain that some workmen manifested great talent and mechanical skill, which qualities were quite distinct from book learning; the book learning did, however, greatly advance the character, and did any thing but prejudice the intellect. He, as master, thought it so far important, that he provided at his own expense schooling for two hundred children. As a master, he thought it right to exercise his influence in preventing drunkenness, &c. His best workmen were the soberest men; he had three hundred and fifty tee-totalers amongst them. He had all the workmen residing in habitations which were built with a view to comfort, cleanliness, warmth, economy, and respectability of appearance; drainage was particularly attended to. He made it a point, also, to encourage their rational amusements. At the end of each division of houses there was a white blank for playing tennis: he encouraged quoits and football amongst them. Some of his cotton-spinners were tried at football with some picked men from the agricultural parts, whom they beat. Music was also encouraged, and they had amongst them about fifteen or sixteen performers. They had also a library. There was not, with the exception of a small number, any disturbance, and not a strike for the last thirty years; nor had he now a man that lost a day's work from inebriety.

A. B., another employer of labour, who had paid similar attention to the education, the dwellings of workpeople, and their amusements, who employed about eight hundred, and at his own expense provided schooling for upwards of two hundred, stated in private conversation, that at first the expenditure in schooling was chiefly given from a desire to make the workpeople happy; but, said he, we have found that, had it all been done simply as an investment of capital, it would have been a highly profitable one. 'I would not, as a pecuniary speculation, consent to take less than £7000 for my set of workmen, who amount to about eight hundred, in exchange for the uneducated and uncultivated workmen of another manufacturer opposite. We find that the steadiness of the men induces steadiness of work, and comparative certainty in the quantity and quality of the produce.' Speaking of the recreations which he had provided for the workpeople, he said, 'Thou mayest think it strange for one of my persuasion' (he belongs to the Society of Friends), 'but it is true, I have paid for a big drum and some horns, to give them mirth after their hours of labour.'

In this manufactory the cotton-spinners who hired children as piecers, greatly preferred and competed for the children educated at the infant schools; when asked the reason, one of them replied, 'Because they learn better, and require less beating.'

We here close our extracts from this evidence, so interesting as an exposition of the opinions entertained by those most qualified to judge upon a very important question—though it *ought* to appear strange that

the taking of formal evidence on such a point should be thought necessary. Satisfied to let the evidence speak for itself, we have not one other observation to make on the subject.

#### JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET.

JOHN CLARE, the peasant poet of Northamptonshire, was born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, on the borders of the Lincolnshire Fens—a foggy and unpromising place of origin for a poetical spirit. His parents were in the very humblest circumstances, as their ancestors had been, for many generations. Parker Clare, the father of John, followed the employment of a farm-labourer or thresher, until crippled by rheumatism, when he became a parish-pauper. In this condition was he while his son was advancing from boyhood into manhood. The latter, accordingly, at the most impressionable age, had poverty before him in its most affecting shapes, and underwent a training well suited for a chronicler of the "short and simple annals of the poor."

Young Clare received his little stock of education in a way very honourable to himself. He was hired out at an early age as a ploughboy, and all his regular earnings went to the maintenance of the family; but, by working at various tasks during his extra hours, he saved enough to pay for his education. It cost him, however, eight weeks to gather as many pence as defrayed the expenses of one month's schooling; and his course of instruction was rendered so far irregular, that three years elapsed ere he could read perfectly. The Bible was the first book which he read, and, by committing chapters of it to memory, he sometimes gained twopence and threepence in the form of school rewards, which enabled him to buy a book or two. "Robinson Crusoe," as in so many other similar cases, was the first favourite of Clare. But the work which awakened the spirit of poetry within him was "Thomson's Seasons." He had procured the latter volume on loan, and, on reading it, was so much impressed and delighted, that he was in misery until he had gathered twelve pence to purchase it for himself. His eagerness on the subject may be guessed from the fact, that he went so early to Stamford on this errand, as to be under the necessity of waiting a long time before any shop was opened. Poring over his treasure as he returned home, he then first attempted verse. The piece produced by him was called "The Morning Walk," and the age of its author was thirteen. It was a simple piece, but not without merit, all circumstances considered.

From this time forth Clare was a poet. All his leisure moments were devoted to the composition of verses. Many of these were afterwards published, but others perished in a somewhat ridiculous way. The young bard was in the habit of depositing his scraps, for want of a better escritoire, in a chink of the wall in his paternal cot, whence they were too often abstracted by Dame Clare to kindle her fire or boil her pot. We are unable, unfortunately, to gratify curiosity by telling the precise dates of such of these early poems as are extant and published, excepting in one or two cases where they were dated by himself. The following is one composition of Clare's sixteenth year.

#### TO A PRIMROSE.

"Welcome, pale primrose, starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of oak and ash, that strew  
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,  
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green.  
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!  
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride  
Glowes on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!  
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,  
The school-boy roams enchanted along,  
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;  
While the meek shepherd stays his simple song.  
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight—  
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring  
The welcome news of sweet returning spring."

There is here, it will be admitted, a degree of delicacy of feeling, liveliness of description, and ease of language, very surprising when we consider the age and opportunities of the writer. In place of employing himself in brooding over such pieces by the fireside, his parents would have had their silent and contemplative boy to betake himself to exercise and play. But they could not make him break off his cherished habits. "When he was fifteen or so," said Dame Clare, "he would show me a piece of scrawled paper, and say, 'Mother, this is worth so much,' and I used to say to him, 'Ay, boy, it looks as if it warr! But I thought he was wasting time.'

Up to the age of twenty-four, Clare remained at Helpstone, with the exception of a short period of service in the local militia. He then went into employment at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire. Here his poetical tendencies received the fostering aid of love. He at this time met with "Patty of the Vale," "a rose-bud in humble life," or, in plainer terms, Martha Turner, a cottage-farmer's daughter, whom he afterwards married. To amass some means for his marriage with this young woman, seems to have been Clare's chief motive in his first attempt to publish. Subscriptions formed the only feasible mode of proceeding, in circumstances such as his; and, after a deal of trouble in composing, which contrasts oddly with his fluent command of verse, he produced a prose Prospectus, or "Proposals for publishing a small volume"

at three and sixpence. In this paper, he very feelingly requests the public to consider his situation of life; and hopes that this circumstance will "make atonement for imperfections." This prospectus cost Clare a hard-earned pound note, but the money seemed to be thrown away. One hundred subscribers, or an advance of fifteen pounds, was the demand of the printer of Market-Deeping. Clare had scarcely fifteenpence in his pocket at any time, and, after circulating his proposals, he could procure no more than seven subscribers. Beyond this number he could not get; trial after trial was made, and still the subscribing band might have cried with Wordsworth's little girl, "We are seven!" But at length, by a happy accident, Mr Taylor, of the publishing house of Taylor and Hessey, saw some of the specimens of Clare's poetry, and, being on a visit to the neighbourhood of Stamford, sent for him to the house of a friend, Mr Octavius Gilchrist. The latter gentleman, in introducing Clare to public notice in the London Magazine, says, that the rustic poet came at the summons, and made a most pleasing impression by his meek and simple manners. He then set foot upon a carpet, and tasted of wine, for the first time; and when a lady present sung the ballad of Auld Robin Gray, the tears that flowed down the cheek of the rural poet showed the keenness of his sensibilities. Mr Taylor was induced, after this interview, to publish Clare's little volume. It came out in January 1820.

Twenty pounds was the sum received for the work, in the first instance, by the author. It was to him an immense acquisition, and he immediately gratified the wishes of his heart by marrying the Patty whom he had already celebrated in many a song. One of these may be given, as a specimen of Clare's powers in this style of composition.

"Dropt here and there upon the flower,  
I love the dew to see,  
For then returns the even's hour  
That is so dear to me,  
When silence reigns upon the plain,  
And night hides all, or nearly;  
For then I meet the smiles again  
Of her I love so dearly  
Oh! how I love you dusky plains,  
Though others there may be,  
As much beloved by other swains,  
But none so dear to me!  
Their thorn-buds smell as sweet the while,  
Their brooks may run as clearly;  
But what are they without the smile  
Of her I love so dearly?  
In yonder bower the maid I've met,  
Whom still I love to meet;  
The dew-drops fall, the sun has set—  
Oh! evening thou art sweet!  
Hope's eye faint breaks the misty glooms;  
The time's expired, or nearly—  
Ah! faithful still, and here she comes;  
Who could but love thee dearly?  
Though still we meet 'neath fate's control,  
Who knows the luck that shall come;  
And then, thou idol of my soul,  
We'll meet with happier welcome.  
I wish I had, for sake of thee,  
A lord's estate, or nearly;  
They soon should see who'd ladies be,  
And whom I love so dearly."

But the sum of twenty pounds, and the hand of Patty, were not all which his "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," brought to Clare. The volume attracted instant notice, and many generous patrons united their efforts to raise the author from his struggling and toilsome condition. Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Spencer, and others, contributed to form such a fund as might secure his future comfort. The whole sums collected amounted nearly to £500, and this, with a special annuity of £10 from Earl Spencer, gave the poet a fixed income of £45 a-year. He had now become something of a rustic lion, and was sent for to the halls of the great as an object of interest and curiosity. On the occasion of a proposal from his patrons to build a cottage for him, he wrote the following verses, which present, it will be allowed, a most exquisite picture in their way. He styles them lines written "after reading in a letter proposals for building a cottage."

"Beside a runnel build my shed,  
With stubbles cover'd o'er;  
Let broad oaks o'er its chimney spread,  
And grass-plats grace the door.  
The door may open with a string,  
So that it closes tight;  
And locks would be a wanted thing,  
To keep out thieves at night.  
A little garden, not too fine,  
Enclose with painted pales;  
And woodbines, round the cot to twine,  
Pin to the wall with nails.  
Let hazels grow, and spindling sedge,  
Bend bowering overhead;  
Dig old man's beard from woodland hedge,  
To twine a summer shade.  
Beside the threshold sods provide,  
And build a summer seat;  
Plant sweet-briar bushes by its side,  
And flowers that blossom sweet.  
I love the sparrow's ways to watch  
Upon the cottar's sheds,  
So here and there pull out the thatch,  
That they may hide their heads.  
And as the sweeping swallows stop  
Their flights along the green,  
Leave holes within the chimney-top,  
To paste their nest between."

Stick shelves and cupboards round the hut,  
In all the holes and nooks;  
Nor in the corner fail to put  
A cupboard for the books.  
Along the floor some sand I'll sift,  
To make it fit to live in;  
And then I'll thank ye for the gift,  
As something worth the giving."

In 1821, the publishers of the former volume, having seen several editions called for, were induced to produce a new collection of verses by Clare, under the title of "The Village Minstrel and other Poems," in two volumes. The success of these came up to the expectations awakened, and deservedly so. The largest piece, the Village Minstrel, describes Clare's own career, and, though evidently suggested by the beautiful production of Beattie, is executed in such a way as to give a very favourable view of his capacity for producing a lengthened and sustained poem. Describing the enjoyment derived by the minstrel, Lubin, from the May-morn, he says—

"Ah! often brushing through the dripping grass,  
Hus he been seen to catch this early charm,  
List'ning the 'love song' of the healthy lass  
Passing with milk-pail on her well-turn'd arm;  
Or meeting objects from the rousing farm;  
The jingling plough-teams driving down the steep,\*  
Waggon and cart—and shepherd-dogs' alarm,  
Raising the bleatings of unfolding sheep,  
As o'er the mountain-top the red sun 'gins to peep.

\* Nor could the day's decline escape his gaze;  
He loved the closing as the rising day,  
And oft would stand to catch the setting rays,  
Whose last beams stole unperceived away  
When, hesitating like a stag at bay,  
The bright unwearied sun seem'd loath to drop,  
Till chaos' night-hounds hurried him away,  
And drove him headlong from the mountain top,  
And shut the lovely scene, and bade all nature stop.

With contemplation's stores his mind to fill,  
Oh! doubly happy would he roam as then,  
When the blue eve crept deeper round the hill,  
While the coy rabbit ventured from his den,  
And weary labour sought his rest agen;  
Lone wanderings led him haply by the stream,  
Where unperceived he 'joy'd his hours at will,  
Musing the cricket twittering o'er its dream,  
Or watching o'er the brook the moonlight's dancing beam.

Oh, Poverty! thy frowns were early dealt  
O'er him who mourn'd thee, not by fancy led  
To whine and wail o'er woes he never felt;  
Staining his rhymes with tears he never shed,  
And heaving sighs a mock song only bred.  
Alas! he knew too much of every pain  
That shower'd full thick on his unshelter'd head;  
And as his tears and sighs did erst complain,  
His numbers took it up, and wept it o'er again."

"Feeling, rather than fancy," as is well said by a critic in the Quarterly Review, and as the preceding specimens will confirm, "is the leading feature of Clare's genius. He looks abroad with the eye of a poet, and with the minuteness of a naturalist, but the intelligence which he gains is always referred to the heart. It is thus that the falling leaves become admonishers and friends; the idle west has its resemblance to his own lowly lot; and the opening primrose of spring suggests the promise that his own long winter of obscurity and neglect will yet be succeeded by a summer's sun of happier fortune." Clare is imbued with strong religious feelings, and his tone is ever mild and tender. He paints poverty to the life, but in a spirit of tender lamentation, not in a style of bitter invective against its supposed causes.

The latter years of Clare's life are involved in some obscurity. He published various new poems, partly, we believe, under the kind patronage of Lord Radstock, and evinced the possession of unabated powers. But we believe that the influences which affected the peace of Burns and Tannahill, and to which every man is exposed who rises from a very humble condition into note, unsettled the habits, and destroyed the happiness, of John Clare. For a number of years past, his state has been a melancholy one, his reason being so far unsettled as to render confinement necessary. A late paragraph in a news-sheet described him as being perfectly happy in these circumstances, and as still devoted to the muse. But his compositions, though possessing the same ease and fluency, are at best but rhyme without reason. As has been observed, some obscurity rests on the causes of his calamity; but if, as is more than probable, the want of sufficient firmness to resist the temptations which fame threw in his path, were the chief source of his misfortunes, the case of John Clare presents another warning example to obscure genius.

#### ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

Dr Olbers, of Bremen, recently deceased, must be for ever memorable in the annals of astronomy, as the discoverer of two planets in our system. He was a member of that remarkable association of twenty-four astronomers, which the indefatigable Baron de Zach, of Gotha, had formed towards the close of the last century, who undertook the vigilant observation of as many zones of the heavens, with a general view of discovering new comets and planets, and of recording any remarkable phenomena that might occur. Their zeal in the prosecution of these researches had been stimulated by the recent discovery of Herschel, as well as by the revival of a suggestion made by Kepler of the probable existence of a planet between Mars and Jupiter. The absence likewise of a planet at the distance from the sun represented by 28, that of the earth being 10, interfered with

\* This line is almost verbatim from Beattie.

the completeness of an empirical law which Bode, of Berlin, had suggested, and was not without its influence in confirming their faith in these extraordinary anticipations. The labours of this association had been hardly organised, when the remarkable discovery of Ceres by Piazzi, on the first day of the present century, in almost the precise position which Bode's singular law had assigned to it, seemed at once to convert their dreams into realities. Dr Olbers calculated a circular, and Gauss an elliptic orbit for the same planet; and so wonderful was the accuracy of the first approximation to the elements which the latter had made, that they enabled Olbers to re-discover it on the 1st of January 1802, exactly one year after it had been first observed. It was in consequence of having formed a configuration of stars in the geocentric route of this planet, with a view to its being more readily found, that he discovered Pallas on the 25th of March of the same year, at nearly the same distance from the sun, though moving in an orbit more than three times as much inclined to the plane of the ecliptic. The discovery of two planets in the position where one of them had been so anxiously sought for, induced Dr Olbers to conjecture that they were fragments of a larger planet, which had been scattered by some great catastrophe, and that many others probably existed at nearly the same distance from the sun, and possessing common nodes: he therefore earnestly recommended astronomers to observe most carefully the spaces of the heavens in which the nodes of these planets are placed, a practice which he himself observed for many years. His exemplary diligence was rewarded by the discovery of Vesta on the 29th of March 1807, nearly in the precise position in which he had conjectured that it was most likely to be found. Dr Olbers was also a diligent observer of comets; and there are few astronomers who have contributed so much to our knowledge of these singular bodies. He was the discoverer of several comets, including the celebrated comet of the long period of 1815; and we are indebted to him, not merely for very important suggestions and observations respecting the celebrated comet of Encke, but still more for having developed the taste for astronomical calculations and observations of that great astronomer, who for many years served him in the capacity of assistant in his observatory. The Baron de Zach visited this observatory in September 1800, and has described the simple apparatus which enabled him to make so many important discoveries. It was placed in the upper part of his house in the midst of the town of Bremen, and afforded openings or platforms sufficient to give a command of nearly every point of the heavens. His instruments were an excellent five-foot Dolland, of 33 inches aperture, with circular micrometer (which he used in the observation of the small planets), a five-foot reflecting telescope by Schröter, a quadrant by Bird, an admirable sextant by Troughton, and a clock by Castens, of Bremen. He possessed no transit instrument or fixed instrument of any kind; yet he speedily availed himself of the circumstances of his locality to determine his time with great accuracy, as well as nearly every element which the peculiar character of his observations rendered necessary; so fertile are the resources of genius and enterprise to overcome difficulties, which by ordinary men would be abandoned as altogether insuperable.

#### RAILWAYS OF BELGIUM.

"BELGIUM" is the brief title of a new work, in two volumes, by Mr Emerson Tennent, M. P. for Belfast.\* Much as has been said of late respecting the Belgians, Mr Tennent has contrived to give us a very readable production, combining the useful with the agreeable to an extent which other modern travellers would do well to imitate. We find in these volumes some valuable information respecting the state of trade and the mechanical arts in Belgium at the present day. The following remarks on the railroads of the country will be read with interest, and are calculated to excite some doubt whether Britain follows the best possible plan in leaving such public works entirely to private enterprise. As regards amount of original outlay, cost of travelling, and security, the Belgian system, it will be seen, certainly works better than ours.

"Belgium, from its geographical position, not less than the extraordinary adaptation of the nature of the surface, seems to have invited the experiment of supplanting the old modes of conveyance by an uniform and comprehensive system of railroads. The project was taken up by the government in 1833, and the plan finally executed was that of taking one point in the centre of the kingdom, and issuing from it—north, west, east, and south—lines to maintain a communication with the sea-ports of Ostend and Antwerp, and the great commercial outlets of France and Prussia. It is expected, that on reaching the frontier of these two states, at Limbourg and Couvin, in the Bois de la Thierache, the enterprise would be taken up by private speculators, who would continue the chain to Cologne on the east, and on the south in the direction of Paris. The whole project is in direct opposition to the *leave-it-alone* principle of the English government, whose maxim is to leave every thing to private enterprise that private capital is calculated to grapple with. But Belgium has been so long accustomed, both under France and Holland, to 'government interference' in the minutest concerns of the nation, even to the prejudice or supersession of individual speculation, that the habitual policy of the country may have rendered its intervention indispensable. And as the entire extent of all the lines projected, in progress, and open, will not exceed 300 miles, and these can be completed at a cost infinitely

lower than anything that has yet been attempted in Great Britain, the undertaking is not so very gigantic as at first sight it might appear. One advantage which arises from this undertaking is, that its benefits will thus be extended equally to every portion of the kingdom. Had it been left solely to private enterprise, those lines alone would have been selected which promised to be the most prolific in profits; and other districts, less inviting, would never have been traversed by a railroad at all. But the government, by combining the whole into one comprehensive system, is enabled to apply the excess of gain on one section to repair the possible loss upon another, and thus extend its facilities alike to all. But private enterprise is by no means prohibited; and in addition to the government works, applications from capitalists have been already granted, to construct branches in the mining districts of Hainault.

The average cost of those already completed scarcely exceeds £800 a-mile, including carriages and buildings. The most expensive line was that from Louvain to Tirlemont, which, including the tunnel, cost £11,661 a mile; and the cheapest, that from Dendermonde to Mechlin, which, as the level surface of the ground had barely to be disturbed for laying down the rails, cost only £458. This, however, is for single lines of rails; that alone from Brussels to Antwerp being yet laid with double, though all have been constructed with a view to their ultimate adoption. The line now in progress from Liege to Verviers, passing as it does through a most unequal and hilly country in the vicinity of the Vesdre, will, I imagine, from the numerous embankments and cuttings through rocks, be the most costly yet attempted. The natural facility of the ground, and the consequent simplicity of the work, led to one result very different from our experience in England—the actual costs of the works, even on the most difficult sections, have not exceeded the estimates by more than eight per cent.

In England, the least expensive line yet opened has cost £10,000 a-mile (in Ireland one has been completed, from Belfast to Lisburn, for less than £7000), but others have cost upwards of £40,000; and the average of forty-five lines, for which bills were passed in 1836 and 1837, was upwards of £17,500 a-mile on the estimate, which may have fallen much below the actual outlay subsequently. But, besides the mere facilities of the country, other causes have contributed to render the expenses in Belgium infinitely lower than those of Great Britain; in the former, there were no committees of the House of Commons to enable the solicitors' bills to mount to £70,000 and £80,000 for expenses of obtaining an act, as was the case in the instances of the London and Birmingham line, and that of the Great Western; nor were there rich demesnes and parks to be preserved, whose proprietors were to receive compensation for the damages; nor towns to be entered in search of termini, where whole streets of houses and acres of building-ground were to be purchased up, at an expense that would prove ruinous to any but the joint-stock capital of a railroad.

The fares by the Belgian trains are, from all these circumstances, reducible to a sum much below the cheapest rate of railroad travelling in England. In their first-class conveyances ('Berlins' which were equivalent to the 'mail-carriages' on our lines, but are now withdrawn), the fare from Antwerp to Brussels was only 2s. 1d., whilst for the same distance, thirty miles, it was 6s. 6d. from Manchester to Liverpool. In their present most expensive carriages, the 'diligences,' the charge is 2s. 6d., whilst those in England are 5s. 6d.; and in their 'chars-a-banc,' or second class, 1s. 8d., whilst ours are 4s.; they have also a still inferior train, 'the waggons,' for which we have no equivalent, that carry passengers for 1s. As these rates are something about one-half the old fares by the conveyances which railroads have superseded, the increase of intercourse has been augmented in a ratio that almost exceeds credibility. The number of passengers between Antwerp and Brussels before 1836, was estimated at about 8000 annually, but since the opening of the road throughout, in that year, they amounted in 1837, to 781,250; and though the numbers diminished as the attraction of novelty wore off, in 1838 they still exhibited an increase of from five to six hundred per cent. over the old mode of travelling.

The rate of travelling does not exceed twenty-six miles an hour, and in general does not average more than twenty; and by the statement of M. Nothomb, the minister for public works, of the number of accidents, there appears to have been but one man wounded in 1835, one in 1836, five in 1837, twelve in 1838, and seven in the six months to June 1839, when the return was made up. All of these catastrophes are ascribed by the minister to the wilfulness or imprudence of the parties themselves, 'no possible blame being attachable to any officer of the company.' One man was drunk, and another was deaf; a third would persist in riding on the balustrade of the wagon; and a fourth stood upright in passing a viaduct. Several were killed in looking after their hats; and one formidable accident alone admits of censure upon the officials, when a train returning at night, after leaving King Leopold at Ostend, went by accident into the Lys, near Ghent; the guardian of a drawbridge, which had been opened to allow a lighter to pass, having gone to drink in an adjoining cabaret, without taking the trouble to close it. The engine

actually cleared the gulf by its velocity, but was dragged back into the river by the weight of the train, and the engineer and his assistant killed upon the spot."

These were unfortunate accidents, but, as regards amount of mischief, what a contrast do they present to the almost daily fatalities which occurred on our railroad lines throughout the greater part of the past year!

#### THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPING INTEREST.

The disposition to put up with evils not immediately pressing upon ourselves, has in no case been more fully exemplified than in the inveterate usage of compelling children to ascend chimneys, to sweep down the soot which there from time to time accumulates. Can we imagine a more diabolical piece of cruelty receiving almost universal sanction, and perpetuated age after age, than this! A little creature of tender years is stripped nearly naked, a black cowl is pulled over his head, a brush is put into his hand; and in this foul guise he is forced to mount and struggle on his way from the bottom to the top of a sooty dark flue, supporting himself by the points of his knees, elbows, toes, or other available parts of his lacerated body, and not allowed to descend till he has reached the very summit, whatever be the height and tortuousness of the passage. "Now, Jack, mind to go to the top," are the last words sounded in the ears of the little wretch by his churlish taskmaster; and Jack accordingly ceases not his efforts till he flourishes his broom over the chimney-pot, in token of having performed his odious duty. But bad as this ordinary mode of procedure was, it was less dreadful than the practice of mounting chimneys which went on fire. We have a specimen of the cruelty perpetrated on these occasions in the evidence of Mr Rice, baker, in Seymour Street, Portman Square, when recently examined before the House of Lords. He mentions that his chimney having taken fire, "Riddle, a chimney-sweeper, brought in a child named Arnold, and sent him up the chimney, although the burning soot was coming down in large flakes. That he begged him not to send the child up. That he afterwards went to the top of the chimney and heard a faint cry, 'For God's sake take the chimney-pot off, or I shall be suffocated! Oh, pull me up! pull me up!'—that the boy was taken out of the top, when he seemed almost in a lifeless state; that he was brought down into the house, and had some brandy given him; that Riddell then led the child to the roof, and insisted upon his descending from the top to the bottom of the chimney, which he did, and went away."

With respect to the initiation of children into the trade of chimney-sweeping, one master, who was desirous of putting an end to the practice, said he was prepared to prove—"That children know nothing of the trade till after they are bound. That they are deceived when on liking, and that they are not made to climb till they are apprenticed. That they are then beaten unmercifully to make them climb. That their knees and elbows become raw, and they are obliged to go up the chimneys in that state. That brine is rubbed into their knees to prevent mortification. That they are kept out of sight of their friends till their wounds are healed. That he has the marks on his knees now. That no child would be a chimney-sweeper, if he knew what it was. That he has been confined for an hour and a half in a chimney, from the loose mortar coming down upon him. That boys are obliged to ascend chimneys quite naked; and some are so small as to make it unsafe even then. That he has been sent up chimneys on fire. That he has known boys very much tried in bakers' flues. That the boys sleep in damp cellars upon very indifferent beds. That they lie down in all the filth they have collected about their persons in the day. That when they are washed, they are obliged to buy their own soap. That the children are called up at two o'clock in the morning, and worked till eleven without food. That between that time and dinner they are employed with the soot. That the soot is sifted after dinner, and that at four and five o'clock they are taken to sweep offices and counting-houses till nine at night. That he has known the children fall asleep with the food in their mouths from complete exhaustion. That the boys run away if they can. That the money which is given to boys is divided once a-year between the master and his men, the boys only having one shilling each out of £6 or £7. That he was sent out after he had finished his work with his master, to see if he could get any thing more to do; and

\* Belgium; by J. E. Tennent, Esq. London: R. Bentley. 1841.

If he failed, it was his master's custom to tie him to a bed-post, and have him whipped while he stood by. That he was once dreadfully beaten for refusing to go up a chimney that was on fire. That when he became too big to climb, he was turned adrift to live as he could. That a fellow-apprentice was beaten black and blue all over in his presence, because he disliked the trade and refused to climb. At another time the same child was taken into an empty house in Vassal Road, and dreadfully beaten, out of sight of the public. That the boy had no father. That his mother came repeatedly to complain of the child's sufferings, and at last his indentures were cancelled from the bustle she made."

Pages could be filled with the same species of testimony against the practice; and what are we to think of the people who almost go into fits when they speak of the horrors of slavery, and performed the magnanimous act of borrowing twenty millions of money to liberate all who were in bondage in the colonies, and yet have suffered to exist, at their very doors, a species of slavery producing as great physical misery to the unhappy class of beings who have been subjected to it? Are we to suppose that the English possess that kind of eyesight which commands a clear view of what is at a distance, but is incapable of seeing things placed immediately before the face? Perhaps so. It is one thing to remedy a social grievance at a distance of two or three thousand miles, and another to remedy what is vicious at home.

A time, however, comes in the progress of events, when a really objectionable practice meets with discouragement. A few humanely disposed persons begin to talk on the subject. The press takes it up. The public become in some degree interested, and conscious that things are not exactly as they should be. From less to more, the practice is at length utterly condemned; and in spite of all interests whatsoever who thrive by its existence, it is unqualifiedly abolished. Public opinion on the subject of sending children up chimneys, has grown in this manner from a small beginning till it has finally carried every thing before it, and the iniquitous practice has been eradicated, by an act of the legislature, to cease.

The opposition offered for many years by the chimney-sweeping interest in the metropolis to the abolition of the practice, very much resembled that of the planters with their slaves: chimneys could not be swept in any other way than by boys—the labour on the sugar plantations must be compulsory. In each case the practice was right and indispensable, because it existed—no other mode was practicable. The chimney-sweeping interest, having felt it to be much more agreeable and profitable to employ boys who could be bought at two pounds a-piece, and the value of whose food and lodgement was a mere trifl, than to employ men with machines, at a proper rate of wages, always made it out that chimneys could not be swept any other way than by boys—every other plan was abortive. As assertion, to many minds, is equivalent to demonstrative proof, these allegations long passed tolerably current, and it was only as thinking came into use, between twenty and thirty years ago, that they ceased to be received with implicit credence. About the year 1815, the inhumanity of employing "climbing-boys" had become so evident, that two years later a bill was brought into Parliament to remedy the grievance. This bill, having passed through certain stages in the lower, was sent to the upper house; here it was read a first and second time, and was ordered for a third reading without any idea of opposition. An incident, however, occurred, which at once cut short the career of the bill: it is described as follows in an article in the Quarterly Review (1834):—

"The bill which should have put an end to the inhuman practice of employing children to sweep chimneys, was thrown out on the third reading, in the House of Lords, by a speech from Lord Lauderdale, the force of which consisted in, literally, a Joe Miller jest. He related that an Irishman used to sweep his chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it. A neighbour, to whom he recommended this as a convenient mode, objected to it upon the score of cruelty to the goose, upon which he replied, that a couple of ducks might do as well. Now, if the bill before the house had been to enact that men should no longer sweep chimneys, but that boys should be used instead, the story would have been applicable. It was no otherwise applicable than as it related to chimney sweeping; but it was a joke, and that sufficed: and his lordship had the satisfaction of throwing out the bill, and the home negro trade has continued from that time till this day, and still continues. Had his lordship perused the evidence which had been laid before the House of Commons when the bill was brought in, upon which evidence the bill was founded! Was he aware of the shocking barbarities connected with the trade, and inseparable from it? Did he know that children inevitably lacerate themselves in learning this dreadful occupation—that they are frequently crippled by it—frequently lose their lives in it by suffocation, or by slow fire—that it induces a peculiar and dreadful disease—that they who survive the accumulated hardships of a childhood, during which they are exposed to every kind of misery and destitute of every kind of comfort, have, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, to seek their living how they can in some other employment, for it is only by chil-

dren that this can be carried on? Did his lordship know that girls as well as boys are thus abused—that their sufferings begin at the age of six, sometimes a year earlier!—finally, that they are sold to this worst and most inhuman of all slaveries, and sometimes stolen for the purpose of being sold to it!"

The bill having thus been lost, things relapsed into their former state, and people tried to believe that the use of children was really unavoidable. After all, the indignation of the humane again found voice; in 1834, Parliament was petitioned on the subject, and a bill calculated to abate the evil was passed by the House of Commons: on reaching the higher branch of the legislature, the chimney-sweeping interest, which is very strong (we heard of a sweep a few years ago who kept his carriage, and gave his daughter a portion of £10,000 on her marriage), succeeded in getting the bill passed in such a modified form as to be of little practical use. Within a few years, however, the general indignation against the usage of employing climbing-boys, on any terms, waxed too powerful to be quelled; and the subject was agitated in so many quarters, that it was evident something must soon be done to put a decided stop to the practice. A well-defined instance of man-slaughter very appropriately helped on the cause. In the beginning of the year 1840, a child lost his life in a chimney in Glasgow; and the following excellent remarks were made by Lord Cockburn, when passing sentence on the criminal:—

"It was not only a scandal to the law to allow the sweeping of chimneys by children, but it was a deep disgrace on society to perpetuate the trade—society being, in point of fact, art and part in the commission of the inhumanity. It was, indeed, monstrous to allow any child to be employed in such a way; and if the trade was but once put down, it would be looked upon with so much horror, that it would be difficult to convince the next generation that ever it had existed in a country claiming to be Christian." Sentiments like these, brought forward at such a time, were irresistible. Every day strengthened the conviction that children would be given up, and funds were poured in from every quarter to help forward this interesting cause, and to give confidence to those who were to bear the burden and heat of the day, it being seen that the first professional assistance would be necessary when the subject was considered. The year 1840 naturally suggested itself as the proper time to bring the main question before Parliament, because the act of 1834 was to expire with the session of 1840.

After no small trouble and opposition from the chimney-sweeping interest, a bill was passed by Parliament (August 1840), which ordained that the use of children, or young persons under twenty-one years of age, in sweeping chimneys, should be abandoned throughout the whole United Kingdom, and that no apprentice to the trade of chimney-sweeping shall be retained or taken under sixteen years of age; the act to come into operation on the 1st of July 1842.

As in little more than a year the practice of employing boys to climb chimneys will finally cease, it is of no small importance that means should be devised for cleaning flues by machinery, and also that chimneys in future should be built of that form which admits of being so swept in the best manner. We understand that a Mr Glass in London has invented a machine which is said to be all that is desirable for the purpose; and we may refer those who take an interest in the subject to another piece of engineering, the invention of Mr Malcolm Muir of Glasgow, a description of which will be found in No. 433 of the Journal, and which, from personal examination, we would be inclined to think extremely suitable.\* The building of chimneys in an improved manner deserves very serious attention. At present, it is calculated that about five hundred fires occur in London annually, a considerable number of which arise from burning soot in flues: it is our opinion, indeed, that the greater proportion of fires all over the country originate in the malformation of chimneys, or at least in placing beams of timber too close to these dangerous channels. Nothing could be more easy than to provide against such accidents. All chimneys should be constructed of brief tubes, built in pieces one above another in the wall, and forming a smooth round channel of twelve inches in diameter; all changes of direction to be curvilinear, with as wide a sweep as possible. The pieces of tube might be in square blocks exteriorly, so as to fit neatly along with the ordinary bricks adjoining; and, if desirable, the blocks might be perforated with two or more tubular orifices, to form a cluster of chimneys. With such smooth round chimneys winding from the bottom to the top of a house, a rope and broom would be alone sufficient to sweep away all collections of soot and dust, and it is very certain that the burning of the dwelling from a fire in the chimney would be next to an impossibility. In Edin-

\* The main obstacle to the use of the machine is the very improper manner of constructing chimneys with right-angular turns. However, this is no reason why the employment of boys should be continued; chimneys constructed on a wrong principle should either be altered, or furnished with moveable iron doors at the angular turns, to allow the removal of the sooty deposit, as well as the application of the machine. Mr Glass's machine is now coming into use in London, and is employed in various public establishments. See a pamphlet on the "Nature of Chimney-Sweeping," just issued gratis by the Hand in Hand Insurance Company, to which we have been indebted for many particulars in the above article.

burgh, where climbing boys have not been employed for many years, all chimneys, however imperfect their form, are swept by no other apparatus than that which we have just mentioned.

#### SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

POPULAR FANCIES OF THE IRISH—CONCLUDED.

"HEADLESS people," says Mr Crofton Croker, "are not peculiar to Ireland, although there alone they seem to have a peculiar name assigned to them." That name is *dubhachan*, or *dullahan*, signifying properly a "dark, sullen person;" and such is indeed the character borne by headless apparitions, as well in Ireland as elsewhere. They are usually held, when seen, to be the forerunners of death, or indicators of some grievous approaching misfortune. In Scotland, visions of persons without heads are on record, but these spectres are referable, for the most part, to special and local circumstances. For example, near the banks of the Tweed, at a particular spot, there stands a large ash tree, amid the branches of which, according to popular tradition, a headless woman takes her seat every night at the hour of twelve, and, strange to say, gives a clear shrill *whistle*. The origin of this legend, long firmly believed in, lies in a murder, said to have been committed near the spot. A poor young woman was the victim, and her false lover the criminal. From similar special sources spring most of the other stories of headless apparitions in Scotland. The case is otherwise in Ireland, as Mr Croker justly remarks. There the acephalous spectre belongs to a class, and has a general (not a local) "habitation" and also a general "name"—the *dullahan*. This is partly the case, also, in some parts of the continent. Headless huntsmen, fated, for some heavy crime done in the body, to follow the chase till doomsday, are to be heard of in many of the wilder regions of Germany; and even in England a story of much the same kind was current long ago respecting King Arthur and his Round Table chivalry.

But at a very early period Ireland must have got itself peculiarly associated with the idea of headless monstrosities. Blind Harry relates that an Irish chieftain threw his head at the Wallace Wight, and had it tossed back to him by that champion, both of them handling the somewhat extraordinary weapon with the greatest coolness. Whether or not the seeming Irish chieftain was a *dullahan*, stirred up to fight by a patriotic regard for the country to which it owed its existence, we shall not attempt to determine. According to Mr Croker, the *dullahan* sometimes appears in the semblance of a coach, with headless coachman and headless horses; at other times in the shape of a whole hunting-party of headless men and horses; but, most frequently, as a single headless horseman. In one of the little illustrative stories in the "Fairy Legends," the apparition, in its last form, is thus described:—Charley Culnane, after a long and deep draught at the shebeen-house of Ballyhooly, turned his horse's head towards Carrick one evening, and had gone so far on his lonesome way, when "his attention was arrested by an object so extraordinary as almost led him to doubt the evidence of his senses. The head, apparently, of a white horse, with short cropped ears, large open nostrils, and immense eyes, seemed rapidly to follow him. No connexion with body, legs, or rider, could possibly be traced. The head advanced. Charley's old mare, too, was moved at this unnatural sight, and, snorting violently, increased her trot up the hill. The head moved forward, and passed on; Charley pursuing it with astonished gaze, and wondering by what means, and for what purpose, this detached head thus proceeded through the air, did not perceive the corresponding body until he was suddenly startled by finding it close at his side. Charley turned to examine what was thus so sociably jogging on with him, when a most unexampled apparition presented itself to his view. A figure, whose height (judging as well as the obscurity of the night would permit him) he computed to be at least eight feet, was seated on the body and legs of a white horse, full eighteen hands and a half high."

After a few minutes, spent in an amazed stare at the strange horseman, "By the big bridge of Mallow," cried Charley, "it is no head at all he has!" "Look again, Charley Culnane," said a hoarse voice; and, on looking attentively, guided by the sound, Charley saw a head under the right arm of the figure—and such a head! It looked like a large cream cheese hung round with black puddings; and showed one ashy-white mass, excepting where two fiery eyes, of prodigious circumference, flashed like meteors upon the astonished gazer. Charley was confoundedly frightened, but could not help himself; and so on they went, heads without bodies, and bodies without heads—for that of the big white horse kept always about six yards in advance. At last, Charley got a little accustomed to the thing, and began to talk. Sharp and short, however, were the answers he got. "To be sure," said Charley, "that's a brave horse your honour rides." "You may say that with your own ugly mouth," growled the head. Daunted but for a moment, Charley spoke again, and proposed a race. The idea was eagerly grasped at by the other, and off the pair went at a tremendous pace. At length the headless horseman called a halt. "Ay," said Charley, "you may beat me by the head, for it always goes before you, but if the bet was neck and neck, I'd win it hollow." "Charley Culnane," said the strange head,

"you're a stout fellow. I have long looked for a man that dared to ride with me, but never found one before; and so, for that same thing, whether at the tail of the hounds, at a ditch, or a stone wall, the headless horseman will never desert you nor your old mare." With that, he vanished. And true it was, that the old mare did wonders after that time; and, though nobody would believe Charley's story, "if the old mare didn't win by means of the headless horseman, I am sure I don't know any other reason for her doing so." In this case, at least, the dullahan was not a herald of ill, thanks, it would appear, to Charley Culhane's stout heart.

"The *fir darrig*, correctly written *fear dearg*, means the *red man*," Mr Croker informs us. The name is given by the Irish to a curious frolicsome goblin of the Puck order, more often recognisable, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, in the shape of a "wandering voice," than in any other form; but always when seen in the body (if the word may be used in such a case), displaying a garb of complete crimson. About the size of the *fir darrig*'s spiritual person, there exist some doubts, many representing the goblin as a dwarf, while others make him out to be a giant. These discrepancies arise from the goblin's dislike to show himself. He will caper about a house from one year's end to the other, and talk most familiarly to the inmates upon all manner of subjects, but he laughs at their cleverest schemes to get a sight of him. It is said, indeed, that, on one occasion, a peculiarly ingenuous person got an idea of his bodily dimensions by strewing fine ashes around a house which he frequented. Next morning, the print of a footprint was there, and it was one of superhuman dimensions. But still the general idea runs in favour of the diminutiveness of *Teigue*, as he commonly calls himself. He gives his own testimony on that side of the question. On one occasion, when some persons were expressing their surprise that *Teigue* had never been seen or caught, at a place which he habitually haunted, the goblin was heard to exclaim, "Tis no use at all, gentlemen, to think of catching poor *Teigueen* (diminutive for *Teigue*); for he is no bigger than your thumb!"

From these observations, some idea will already have been acquired of the character of this spirit. He is one who seems to have no other object, in his phantom life, but to enjoy himself, making sport of mankind and their doings, and seldom doing any more serious mischief than giving them a good fright, while occasionally he rewards peculiar respect on their part by doing them a good turn. In the song of Robin Goodfellow, ascribed to Ben Jonson, in Shakespeare's *Midsomer Night's Dream*, in Milton's *I'Allegro*, in Drayton's works, and in various other fairy chronicles, the reader will find a detailed account of the deeds of the *fir darrig* or *Teigue*, though under different names, such as *Puck*, *Goodfellow*, or *Father Red-cap*; and to these authorities we shall content ourselves at present with making reference, particularly as in describing the *nis* of Germany, we had the same spirit (or, if not *Bran*, *Bran's* brother) already before us.

Though the *cluricune*, *banshee*, *phooka*, *merrow*, *dullahan*, and *fir darrig*, form the principal and most remarkable spirits of the popular creed of Ireland, there are other features in the superstitions of the country worthy of notice; and more particularly the fancies relating to the *Thierna na oge*, or the *land of youth*. It seems extremely likely that some such ocular illusion as that of the *Fata Morgana* on the Sicilian coast, originally suggested the idea of the *thierna na oge*. The "land of youth" of the Irish is a country beneath the water, where the sun shines far more brightly than above the earth's surface; where the meadows are more verdant, the trees blossom more beautifully, and every thing is more fair and magnificent; and, finally, where time has no existence, and age is unknown. The occupants of this blissful land, and its splendid palaces, are either happy fairies, or peculiarly favoured mortals in a state of happy spiritualisation. People have not only seen this paradise at a lucky moment, but have visited it, and returned to the common world of men to tell them of its wonders; and the happy spirits themselves have sometimes been seen above the waters, skipping along their surface with music and rejoicing, and flashing in all the colours of the rainbow.

It may be guessed that, with such a ground to build upon, the imaginative people of Ireland have raised on it many beautiful and pleasant superstructures. They have applied the idea to every lake and lough of their semi-insular land. The legend of O'Donoghue, who rises every May morning and gallops his white charger over the waters of the Lake of Killarney, is familiar to story readers. With pretty little legend of the Lough of Cork, we shall conclude our notice of the *thierna na oge*, and Irish superstitions generally. Mr Croker tells us that near the town of Cork, there once lived a King *Corc*, who had a very beautiful daughter, *Usga*, and lived with her in a fine valley, just a mile about. In the court-yard of the palace was a spring of water, so pure and delicious that it was a wonder to all the world. Now, the king became afraid lest it should be exhausted; and he built a high wall about it, to prevent the poor from getting at it, by which they were greatly harassed. After this, the king gave a great banquet, and among other great people there was one handsome young prince, who asked for a draught of water. "Water?" said the king, mightily pleased at some one calling for that of

which purposely there was a want; "water you shall have, my lord, speedily, and that of such a delicious kind, that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter," said he, "go fetch some in the golden vessel which I caused to be made for the purpose. I doubt not the young prince of your side will go with you." The prince was not displeased at hearing this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led the king's daughter out of the hall so gracefully, that all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the spring of water, in the court-yard of the palace, the fair *Usga* unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy, that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast, that the entire court-yard was speedily covered with it, and he hastened back almost in a state of distraction to the king.

The door of the well being left open, the water, which had been so long confined, rejoiced at obtaining its liberty, rushed forth incessantly, every moment rising higher and higher, and was in the hall of the entertainment sooner than the young prince himself; so that, when he attempted to speak to the king, he was up to his neck in water. At length the water rose to such a height, that it filled the entire of the green valley in which the king's palace stood, and so the present Lough of Cork was formed.

Yet the king and his guests were not drowned, as would now happen, if such an awful inundation were to take place; neither was his daughter, the fair *Usga*, who returned to the banquet hall the very next night after this dreadful event: and every night since, the same entertainment and dancing goes on in the palace at the bottom of the lough, and will last until some one has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up the well in the court-yard from the poor people; and if there are any who do not credit my story, they may go and see the Lough of Cork, for there it is to be seen to this day. The road to Kinsale passes at one side of it; and when its waters are low and clear, the tops of towers and stately buildings may be plainly viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the help of spectacles."

#### STORY OF EMILY WARRINGTON.

EMILY WARRINGTON lost her father very suddenly. He had survived his wife several years, and, being in the prime of life, as well as in tolerable health, seemed to have the prospect of an extended span; but apoplexy cut him off hastily and unexpectedly. His only daughter was left heiress of his wealth, which was very considerable. The event of the death was productive of double sorrow to Emily. Not only had she to lament the loss of an affectionate parent, and she did so sincerely, but she had also the consciousness, that if he had been spared to her a little longer, she would have had one to console and sustain her under the loss. She was engaged, in short, to an amiable young man, of good family and excellent prospects; and the marriage day was almost settled. As the case stood, however, the ceremony must be deferred, and perhaps —

There was a heavy weight of grief upon the brow of Emily Warrington, as she sat alone in the cabinet which had lately been the favourite sitting-place of the deceased, while there was a mixture, also, of trouble and anxiety in her look and manner. As she leaned on the table by her side, her fair brow and fingers contrasting strikingly with the deep mourning in which she was attired, it was evident that she was in a state of restless expectancy, for she raised her head hurriedly at every little noise made in the mansion. At length she arose, and turning to a small and elegant escritoire, she took from it a beautifully covered copy of the Scriptures. With this in her hand, she sat down again, saying, with a sigh, "Under all circumstances, I shall find a fast friend in this—his last gift, yet unclasped by me." But ere she could open the book, a quick knock caught her ear, and she soon heard a well-known footstep on the stair. Her lover, Mr Manning, was shown into her room immediately afterwards. But few words passed between them, ere Emily, making an evident struggle for composure, thus addressed her suitor:

"Arthur—Mr Manning, I would say—you were very dear to him who is gone, and you have long ago had an open avowal of my own sentiments. But it is not to speak, or to hear you speak, on this subject, that I have sent for you at present. I have to fulfil a duty which Mr Warrington meant to fulfil himself, if he had lived. There is a secret of which it is proper that you should be informed; and when you know it, I shall leave you free, as Mr Warrington would have done, either to think of me no more, or act otherwise if you choose."

"Miss Warrington!" cried the young man, startled apparently by the solemnity of her manner.

"You are a gentleman by birth, Mr Manning," continued Emily, firmly, "and value the advantage you so possess. In wedding the daughter of Mr Warrington, you think you degrade not your station. But undecieve yourself. In marrying me, you marry not the daughter of Mr Warrington, whose marriage with his late wife was a matter of family convenience rather than of affection. Yet they always lived agreeably together. They had, however, no children, greatly to the regret of at least Mrs Warrington. One day the want was in some measure supplied. An unknown hand deposited a mysterious packet at the door of the house, with instructions to the porter to convey it immediately to Mrs Warrington. In that packet was an infant, the individual who now speaks to you." "You, Miss Warrington!" "Yes, sir," continued Emily; "I was received by Mrs Warrington as a gift of Providence. I was brought up and educated as became a daughter of the house, and I believe child never loved parents more than I did those who sheltered me, and more particularly Mr Warrington. His lady died, and he, some time afterwards, adopted me in a formal manner, and made me his heir. This legal form opened my eyes for the first time, and the truth was partly explained to me. But I loved Mr Warrington too well to distract him with painful questions, nor did I feel greatly inclined, I must avow, to seek any parent but him. This is my secret, sir. You know all."

"Dear, noble-minded Emily!" cried the young man, "I knew all this before. On his deathbed, Mr Warrington told me enough to make me aware of it, though the cruel stroke which fell upon him, had deprived him so far of the power of speech as to render his communication scarcely intelligible. He seemed desirous to tell me more, but we were interrupted, and I saw him not again in life. Has the knowledge of the secret abated my love? No, dearest Emily! Whatever your parentage, you are—and ever shall be—the same to me!"

Before the young lady, whose eyes overflowed with tears of joyful relief, could make any other reply to these passionate exclamations than by gently returning the pressure of the hand which clasped her own, the door opened, and George, the coachman of the late Mr Warrington, entered. He was an elderly man, of mean appearance, with an eye that indicated an almost disagreeable sharpness in the possessor, and a face bespeaking somewhat loose and low habits. "George!" said the young lady, surprised at his intrusion. The man looked at her with an air that hovered between assurance and embarrassment. "George, what do you seek here? You were not called for," said Miss Warrington. "No, miss," returned the man, "but I came—I heard—that is, I came to—" "What is the meaning of this? If you have any thing to say, say it at once, and then attend to your business," said the young lady impatiently. "Miss Emily," replied the man, recovering his confidence, "you would not speak to me thus if you guessed at something I know. I am aware of what is between you and Mr Manning. I know, too, and have long known, your own secret. Miss—Emily, let me look at you! Ah, nineteen years—for nineteen years I have not dared to do thus!"

The coachman, as he spoke, had advanced towards the young lady. An undefinable feeling of dread shot through her frame, and took the colour from her cheek. "What do you mean, George?" said she, falteringly. "Ah, miss," returned he, "just nineteen years ago—a little cradle—it was I who put the child in it. That poor little one!—it was my own! Yes, Miss Emily, as sure as you live, you are my own child!"

It would be hard to say whether this disclosure most deeply affected her who was the object of it, or the young man who was so much interested in her. For a few moments both remained, as it were, in a state of stupor. The colour went and came on the cheek of Emily, and it was only by a strong effort that she restrained herself from shrinking, as her hand was taken by the man who had avowed himself her parent, and with but too strong probability of truth. His very possession of the secret was in itself a proof of the truth of what he said, none of the family, as Miss Warrington believed, having ever been aware of it. "Miss Emily," said the coachman, "do not take on so. You love her, Mr Manning. Well, there is no harm in that, and I shan't be objectionable. Let me but be made snug—let me have my pipe and my pot, and a coin to keep my pocket, and I shan't put myself much in the way. I am reasonable."

Though there was nothing in this speech but what was quite in accordance with the habits of the speaker, and, indeed, what was to be expected from him, every word jarred upon the feelings of the poor girl who listened to it. She could not trust herself to look up at her lover, and it was only by a strong effort that she found voice gently to entreat her self-discovered parent to leave her for a time. "Ah, well," said he; "I daresay you two have got something to say to each other. All very right—I'm not objectionable. And don't you go to vex yourselves about me. A pipe and pot—that is all; I shall be easily served." With these words, he left the room.

Overwhelmed with mingled emotions, Emily and her lover sat silent for some time after being left alone. The young man remembered his late declaration, that, "whatever might be her parentage, Emily was the same to him, and would ever be," and he

struggled to bring out a renewal of the declaration. But, in spite of his attempts, the words clung to his lips, and could not make their escape. He felt the silence grew more and more embarrassing, and rose to approach the window. It was an unfortunate movement. He saw George in the court below, and could hear him assuming a vulgar mastery over the rest of the servants, not little to their surprise. Mr Manning felt his cheek grow crimson at the thought of a connexion with such a man. But again a sudden revulsion took place in the young man's feelings. A stifled sob burst forth behind him, as if from a breaking heart. He turned rapidly from the window, and was the next moment at Miss Warrington's feet. "Emily! dearest Emily!" cried he, "do not torture me by the sight of this distress. To me this discovery can make no change. I have said, and repeat it, that whatever your parentage, to me you are the same. But," continued he, starting up, "are we certain that this story is true? We have been too hasty in believing it. Some proof must be given." The young lady repressed her tears, and, after a pause, said, "Beyond a doubt it is true. He could know nothing of the matter otherwise. But now, Arthur, my lot is for ever fixed. I will not expose you to the anger and sneers of relatives. We must think no more of each other." "Oh, Emily, do not say so," said the young man, who began to feel that it would be insufferable to lose the hand which, but a short time before, he had felt hesitation about accepting. "We must part, Arthur," repeated Miss Warrington. "Well judged my poor lost father—my true father, as he showed himself to be, when he left me this sacred volume as his last gift! Here will I find comfort whatever befall me."

As Miss Warrington spoke, she took up the volume already mentioned. She slowly and almost mechanically unclasped it; but when she had done so, her mind was quickly roused from a state of stupor to activity. A paper fell out. She seized it, and almost with a scream she cried, "Oh, Arthur! if the truth should be here!—the truth must be here! It is a letter addressed to me—from Mr Warrington—and written in his last moments! I know by the trembling characters!" "Compose yourself, my love," said Mr Manning, but with a heart as much agitated as her own. "Read it, Arthur, I cannot," said Miss Warrington; "my mind assures me that it relates to my own story. On no common matter would Mr Warrington have thus addressed me, and at such a time. Read—read." The lover took the letter, and began to peruse it aloud, but Emily had communicated her whole agitation to him, and his voice failed to be audible. He therefore read to himself, while the young lady sat with clasped hands, and her eyes fixed upon his countenance, as if she would have drawn her fate from its expression. At first, that expression was grave, but a beam of joy broke gradually over it, and, finally, Mr Manning throwing the letter down, sprang to her side, and exclaimed, as he folded her in his arms, "My darling Emily! we have been imposed upon! You are Mr Warrington's own daughter!—and you are mine!"

The letter of Mr Warrington ran thus: "My dearest Emily—You are the daughter of a being who was unfortunate but virtuous. She died in giving birth to you. There is guilt connected with her story, but that guilt was not hers, but mine. You are my own daughter, Emily, my legitimate daughter. Your mother was beautiful, but low-born and very poor. I married her privately, and in private did she pass her days. She knew not the true cause of my long estrangement from her, but ascribed them to some secret connexion with government intrigues. Alas! how shall I tell you the true cause, my dear and innocent child, even on this sheet, which you cannot see until I am no more! It was my guilty marriage, to please my family, and for interest, with her who filled your mother's place in the eyes of the world. Happy it was that no children sprang from that lawless union! They would have been—what I dare not name. Your mother bore several children. You only lived, and she did not survive your birth. I felt that I could not live apart from you, and fortunately the scheme which I adopted for introducing you into the house succeeded perfectly. My child, so virtuous and so good, I could not own my guilt to you—you who so loved, so revered me. The wrong done to your mother might have cost me your affection. Do not think too harshly of me when gone—oh do not, my child!"

One man only knew my secret. It was my coachman, George, and I kept him long on this account, in spite of great misconduct. My dearest Emily, I know where you will seek consolation when I am no more. In that book, to which I myself have humbly turned in the hope of pardon, I leave this letter. You will find it, and will disclose the truth to Mr Manning, to whom I would almost have told all before, had I been able. Heaven bless you with him. Child of my love, pity and forgive me! Farewell."

In a few minutes after the perusal of this letter by Emily, George was again called before the pair. He was a rascal, but could not brazen it out in the face of truth. He only said, with an oath, "It was a good stroke, and might have made me for life. It deserved to be successful." The pair took pity on the reckless old man, and, though he served them no more, he was not left by them to perish in his old age.

For the lovers who underwent these eventful

changes in the course of a few hours, it is unnecessary to say more than that, according to the good old story-book style, they "lived long and happily together."

#### SINGULAR CURE OF A SPRAIN.

In presenting the following letter, we have little more to remark than that it is the composition of a gentleman of the highest respectability, sheriff of a Scottish county, and a thorough man of the world. If there were no deception of any kind, the cure described must be referred to some (of course) natural principle not yet known to the medical world, but which it is surely most desirable that they should discover, and that with all speed. We heard the case spoken of some months ago by a friend of the patient, and it was at our request, through this gentleman, that the letter was written.

*Edinburgh, March 1, 1841.*

MY DEAR SIR.—The circumstances now to be detailed took place about twenty years ago, and have been mentioned by me to many of my friends, including one whose request to be furnished with a written statement I should be sorry to disregard, were it even attended with ten times the trouble which it occasions to me.

Being then resident in a good sporting district, I set out on the 1st of September to enjoy the pastime of partridge shooting. I had walked but a very short distance, when, in stepping over a ditch, I had the misfortune to sprain my right ankle, and was laid prostrate on the ground. My attendant carried me home on his back; and I immediately sent for the most respectable medical practitioner in my neighbourhood, a gentleman who had long been an army surgeon, and enjoyed a considerable reputation. The doctor applied leeches to my ankle, which by this time was swollen, and he taught my servant to rub it, adding that this should be repeated at least six times a day; and that the greater pain I endured in the operation, the sooner I should recover. My valet was a man of great muscular power, and soon became so dexterous in curing sprains. Immediately on my friend leaving me, the doctor called, when I asked him how long it might be ere I should be able to walk again. His answer was, that I might still require to keep my sofa, and go on with the rubbing, for three weeks more. I replied, that I had heard of an old wife, who did strange things in cases like mine, and I was resolved to have a sight of her. My learned friend laughed heartily when I named Mrs Stuart—said he had also heard of her; and as he had a curiosity to see her, he wished that I should let him know when she was to be with me, that he might be present as a gentleman accidentally sitting beside me, but without its being mentioned that he was my medical attendant.

On the following day, I sent for and received a visit from the old lady, at which was present the doctor, *incognito*. Mrs Stuart was then about the age of four-score, and her aspect "so withered and so wild," that she might well have personated one of the "weird sisters" in Macbeth. On examining my ankle, she observed that the sprain was a very bad one, but she would cure it in fifteen minutes. She then asked me in what manner the doctor had treated my ankle. When I mentioned the leeches, she held up her hands, seemed much astonished, and exclaimed, in her pithy vernacular, "Fat kind of a doctor can he be that pits leeches till a sprain!" I could not resist smiling as I glanced at the visage of Mr *Incognito*, when this remark was made. Mrs Stuart's ground of objection to the leeches was, that they weakened the limb. She then pulled a small box from her pocket, containing a sort of ointment, and said, that if I had any dislike to it, I might furnish her with common pomatum. To this I answered, that I was entirely in her hands, and would let her prescribe or operate as she thought proper. Her ointment was then applied to the outside or right side of my limb, from the knee down to the foot. She next proceeded to lay her two hands on the right side of my knee, and press the muscles with her thumbs, lifting the one over the other; and thus in alternate succession advancing downwards, and gradually increasing the pressure, which was accompanied by a proportional augmentation of pain (though still as nothing in comparison to the torture inflicted by my valet), until at length she gave me a smart twitch or squeeze at the ankle, after which she called to me to "Get up and travel now." I got up at her command, and walked across the room without pain, and with ease, although I felt my leg slightly benumbed from its having never been used for eleven days. The time employed in this cure did not exceed sixteen minutes; and my worthy friend the doctor sat mute and almost petrified when he beheld me strutting about on the floor.

I asked the old lady when I might venture to go a-shooting again. She answered, "The morn, if you like, you may gang to the fields; but beware of the hard steens, such as you meet with in the streets of Aberdeen, for a knock of one of them on your heel might undoe what I have done." I went out next

day, and having duly observed the precaution thus given, I have never again suffered from my sprain.

Before leaving me, Mrs Stuart said that she had instructed her grandson in the same art, and concluded by observing that "Mony een say I am a witch, but the witches and I differ in this—they dee naething but ill, I dee naething but gweed." I am sorry to add that the venerable lady died several years ago.

I have thus complied with your request. I am no doctor, but I have a high respect for the medical profession, and I duly appreciate the recent and advancing improvements in its surgical department. I pretend not to give a scientific report; I have simply stated facts, which, you will readily believe, made a strong impression on my memory.

#### A WORD TO SCHOLARS.

The notice to a "Cantab," in a late number of the *Herald*, will be appreciated by all good "Cantabs." It has been a joke, older than the writer of these few remarks, that our Cambridge men think that the eyes of all the world are upon them. The same typographical error complained of (if the writer is correct in his guess) was made two-and-twenty years ago; and Lawson, the best classic and the greatest wag the University ever turned out, added one to the many puns upon this sensitiveness of our mathematicians. The senior wrangler of his day complained that he had been described as *Dr* instead of *Ds*. The latter abbreviation (for the sake of the uninformed) means *Dominus*—that is, *Mister*; for, academically, no man gets that title until he has graduated. Mr — grumbled most indignantly to Lawson that the *Dr* was misapplied to his name instead of the *Ds*. "You have great reason," said Lawson; "all your country friends will think that the *Dr* has posted you as *Debtor* rather than *Doctor of Divinity*." There is another good tale, which was as follows:—Mr —, just after carrying off the "single diadem" and the senior wranglership, was advised by his medical friend, before he began the more profitable but more laborious task of private tutorship, to take a little relaxation. "Have you ever been in London?" said the doctor. "No," said the senior wrangler. "Then," retorted the doctor, "go to London, and laugh over a pantomime." "Don't you think, doctor," replied the unworried scholar, "that I had better not go to London until it has blown over?" The man's modesty and vanity were so sensitively mixed together, that he was afraid of being personally recognised in Fleet Street! He really imagined that he must let his reputation blow over, in order to escape public admiration! That the last anecdote is true, the writer is convinced, from the counterpart to it which came under his own observation. The greatest struggle for the senior wranglership at Cambridge, with the exception of those between Jacob and Whewell, and between Herschel, Peacock, and Fallows, was between Airy and his competitors. A gentleman, now the master of one of our public schools, felt so cut down by Mr Airy having beat him, that when advised to go to London for a week, to get over the chagrin, he answered that "he did not like to show his face anywhere!" Now, the purport of these observations is to convince all scholars, whether Oxford or Cambridge men, that they attach an importance to academic distinctions, which, however pleasing to family circles, have not proportionate weight with the public. And it is quite right, as well as natural, that such should be the case. A course of academic study is merely a foundation for us scholars to build a reputation upon. The man who attaches so much fanciful importance to whether (by the mistake of a printer) he is called *Dr* or *Ds*, *A.B.* or *M.A.*, has committed the great error of supposing that he has acquired in three or four years all that his mind is capable of comprehending. He begins life a boy, goes through it as a schoolboy, and ends it as a proser. —London paper.

#### HINTS ON HEALTH.

Avoid excess of food as the principal source of dyspepsia. Five or six hours should elapse between meals. Commercial and professional men should avoid long fastings. Do not hurry from dinner to business; rest an hour afterwards. Never eat things out of season, nor much of dishes to which you are unaccustomed. Much liquid at dinner delays the digestion. Avoid intemperance. Water is the most wholesome beverage. Excess of fermented liquors is highly injurious. Useful exertion is indispensable to health and happiness. Muscular exercise, well regulated, is conducive to longevity. The sedentary should walk whenever they have an opportunity. Never continue exercise after it has become painful. Standing at a high desk to write, when fatigued with sitting, will be found highly beneficial to literary men. The constant use of soft stuffed seats is injurious. Rooms in which the sedentary are employed, should be warmed by fires in open grates, which assist ventilation; not by steam, hot water, gas, or close stoves. Never stand or sit with your back to the fire. Mental excitement is one of the most prevalent causes of disease, producing dyspepsia, monomania, and insanity. Few things tend more to the preservation of health and the prolongation of life, than the maintenance of a calm, cheerful, and contented state of mind, and the cultivation of feelings of affection. Mental inactivity is scarcely less injurious than excessive exercise, giving rise to hypochondriasis. In the choice of professions, the talents, disposition, and natural bent of the mind of the individuals ought to be studied. Trips into the country to watering and sea-bathing places, are highly beneficial to those who live in towns. Marriage is favourable to health, but should not be contracted too early. Tobacco injures digestion, and relaxes the nerves.—*Abridged from Mr Curtis's Work on the Preservation of Health.*